

CITY NEWS.

Visit Provident Hospital.

"GO TO CHURCH SUNDAY" is Feb. 1.

Jas. H. Crews is able to be out again.

Mr. Harvey Edwards is quite ill at 921 Highland avenue.

FOR RENT—Front room; light housekeeping; 2220 Woodland avenue.

Miss Nagatha Marshall the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ollie Marshall is ill in Paola, Kas.

Do you want stock in the Kaw Valley Truck Gardening Co.? Call E. A. Robinson, president. Bell, East 754.

The prices and the goods at the Colored Shoe Store are right. Try them at 1507 1/2 E. 18th. G. A. Page.

Mrs. M. W. Wilson of 25th and Flora was called to Moberly last Sunday on account of the death of a relative.

Mrs. J. W. Woodson, 1637 Cottage avenue, returned from a very pleasant visit at her old home, Chillicothe, Mo.

E. A. Robinson, Express, Baggage and Light Moving. Prompt and courteous service. Call Bell phone East 754.

Mrs. L. C. Clark of Topeka, Kas. was a visitor this week in the city, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Clara Smith, 2112 Tracy.

We have at last put in a complete line of Men's, Women's and Children's shoes at the Colored Shoe Store, 1507 1/2 East 18th street.

Misses Edna Herndon and Julia Bailey gave a surprise party for Miss Wallace Tuesday evening. A delightful evening was spent.

Miss Jennie Walker of 3409 Wyandotte street, returned last Sunday from a visit to Miss Mary Triplett and relatives at Odessa, Mo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Mallory announce the birth, Saturday, January 10, of a daughter, to whom they have given the name of Helen Marie.

LOST—A bunch of keys near 19th and 10th streets. Return to 1518 East 19th street and receive reward. C. J. NELSON.

The Peck Mite Missionary Society sent Mr. Jas. H. Crews a beautiful bouquet of flowers during the week with the compliments of the Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Jno. R. Fairley 1726 Woodland avenue are the proud parents of a daughter to whom they have given the name Ray Elizabeth. Mother and daughter are doing nicely.

Get used to the imprint of the race printer, who wishes your patronage on the basis of better and quicker printing service. This is it: C. A. Franklin, Printer, 1409 Main St.

News was received that W. C. Scott, the young attorney who formerly lived in this city, and who attended Kansas University and the University of Michigan, died at his home in Brenham, Texas, January 3.

The Nine O'Clock School Shoe for children is absolutely the best shoe at the lowest price for your boy or girl in school. Think of it. From two and one-half dollars on down, at the Colored Shoe Store, 1507 1/2 East 18th street.

Mrs. Versa Rice 1015 Tracy avenue entertained a few friends with whist Tuesday evening. A dainty luncheon was served. Music was furnished by Mr. Wm. D. Foster. Everybody left at a late hour declaring they had spent a delightful evening.

Mrs. Sallie Moore Hawthorn a member of many fraternal organizations and one of the best known ladies in our city lies extremely low at her residence 1716 Michigan ave. Her many friends wish for her recovery although her physician says there is no hope.

In thinking of flowers, think also where you can get them at the lowest prices. Exquisite blending and prompt service.

GIPSON FLORAL CO. 1613 East Eighteenth. Bell Phone—East 3813.

William G. Allen, 40 years of age, died at the residence of his mother, at 1708 East Tenth street, and was buried from the home on Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The Rev. Dr. E. W. Baco, the pastor of the family, conducted the funeral services, with Mr. C. H. Countee the undertaker. Mr. Allen leaves as daughter, a mother, sister, and four brothers to mourn his loss. He comes from one of the oldest and most highly respected families of this city, and his brother John is one of the representative citizens of Denver, Colo., coming on to attend the funeral, but was compelled to return home on Friday night on account of business engagements. The Sun extends to the bereaved family its deepest sympathy.

REMOVAL NOTICE. The real estate office of Eugene Edward Vaughan has been transferred to 27th and Parkway. Bell Phone, West 1757.

Mrs. Frank Sawyers of Kentucky gave a luncheon at the residence of Mrs. B. F. Wilson 1812 East 12th st. in honor of a few friends who have been extremely nice to her since she came from the Blue Grass state to spend the winter with her life long friend Mrs. B. F. Wilson. Mrs. Sawyers has had the pleasure of meeting many of the most prominent people in Greater Kansas City. Those who attended the luncheon on last Tuesday were: Mrs. Dr. G. W. Brown, Mrs. McClellan, Mrs. Dr. Thompson, Mrs. Geo. Jones, Mrs. W. D. Milligan, Mrs. Moses Ballard, Miss Lella Rogers and Mrs. B. F. Wilson. The dining room was exquisitely decorated with cut flowers and beautiful cut glass and a delightful six course luncheon was served in faultless style. All present enjoyed themselves immensely, and were unanimous in declaring Mrs. Sawyers a charming and entertaining hostess.

The Editor visited the recently purchased home of Mr. Jas. A. Lee, 2444 Paseo, the other day and found one of the most commodious, substantial, and luxuriously appointed homes owned by colored people in this city. It possesses every modern convenience, has a splendid Ideal Heating system and a commodious garage in the rear which Brother Lee has not yet filled with a machine. He showed us a magnificent Cabinet in his dining room which he purchased at a furniture house would have cost \$100.00 but which was made wholly by his adopted son, Prof. Wm. G. Moore, teacher of manual training at Wendall Phillips School. And which was presented to him and Mrs. Lee as a Christmas gift. It is made of beautiful polished oak with a five foot double French mirror four beautiful cathedral glass doors with large drawers at bottom and all handsomely mounted. Prof. Moore also made them an elegant library table and bookcase which are splendid specimens of his mechanical skill. Young Moore is a graduate of Lincoln High School and Hampton Institute and his foster parents are exceedingly proud of his splendid career.

Mrs. Emma Davis of Mexico, Mo., who was visiting her cousin, Miss Katherine Jamerson, near Twenty-fourth and Highland avenue, died very suddenly last Sunday morning. Her remains were carried back to Mexico for interment, and was accompanied by Mrs. Jamerson and another cousin, Miss Sallie Harris, 1801 East street. Other relatives in the city are Mrs. Wesley Miller, Mrs. Agnes Porter, Mrs. Manlie West and James Harris.

LID OFF THE TANGO. Prof. J. C. Hobbs announces that on every Thursday night at the Lyric Hall, 1731 Lydia avenue, that the following dances will be introduced: Tango, hesitation waltz, flirtation schottische, hesitation schottische and a variety of other dances since the Board of Public Welfare lifted the lid on dances.

IN MEMORIAM. In sad and loving memory of my darling husband and father, Howard Albert Anderson, who died one year ago, January 14, 1913:

Around them where he is laid, A voice I loved is still; A place is vacant in my heart That never can be filled.

Softly the stars are gleaming Upon a quiet grave; There sleeps without dreaming The one I could not save.

How I miss your kind and loving word And care is more than I can tell We will meet again some day.

Lovingly, MRS. MAMIE ANDERSON, wife. MARTHA ANDERSON, daughter.

CARD OF THANKS. Words are inadequate to express my appreciation of the kind motive that actuated the members of my club the Pythias Wheatley—to present to me at our last meeting the six beautiful hand painted china plates. Indeed I am most grateful and shall ever remember their kindness. "Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled, You may break, you may shatter, the vase, if you will, But the scent of the roses will hang around it still." MRS. G. G. MASON, President.

ST. STEPHEN'S BAPTIST CHURCH. Monday, January 5, we began our soul-stirring meeting, being ably assisted by our ablest Dr. Mose William of Leonard Baptist church of St. Louis, Mo., who have filled our pulpit both logical and biblical. We recognize the Rev. Dr. William as being a great preacher, and up-to-date. We have realized the greatest success in all of our days in the St. Stephen's Baptist church. Each night we carry at least three or four hundred people. On Sunday night, past, if there was one person, there were at least one thousand in attendance. Our list is growing so fast for Baptism that we are almost assured that we will have to go to the river. The Rev. Dr. William will be with us until after the fourth Sunday. Sunday, the 18th, is our Communion Sunday. Everybody is cordially invited.

WANTED—At once, two hustling, energetic solicitors, men or women. The Sun

KANSAS CITY, KAN.

Mrs. I. F. Bradley has been indisposed this week.

Mrs. Laura Howell, 847 New Jersey avenue, is indisposed.

Rev. E. A. Wilson of Muskogee, Okla., left for home last Wednesday.

Rev. M. Johnson, 2214 North 24, entertained at dinner a few friends for her guest, Miss Maggie Ross.

Mrs. Willis Allen, 1901 Walker avenue, entertained sixteen guests with a smoker at their beautiful home. A four-course dinner was served.

A revival is being conducted at the First A. M. E. Church, of which Rev. J. R. Ransom is pastor. Already nearly thirty additions have been made.

The funeral of Mr. Eugene Clay, 11th and Everett avenue, was held Monday afternoon at the Metropolitan Baptist Church. Rev. E. A. Wilson officiated.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Roberts and son, James, visited Mrs. Roberts' cousin, Mrs. Lee Gillum, and family Tuesday about one and a half miles from Argentine. They were accompanied by Mrs. Minnie Rule and son Elliott, Mr. Arthur Anderson and daughters, Misses Alice, Egypta, and Master Edward. A delightful afternoon was spent.

On Tuesday afternoon past Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Frelain and family, Mr. and Mrs. Dewitt Howard and family were guests at a Southern dinner at the residence of Mrs. J. D. Barksdale, 625 Reynolds ave. Kansas City, Kansas. After spending an entire afternoon discussing Southern attractions and partaking of an ideal Southern dinner the guests departed declaring Mrs. Barksdale an ideal entertainer and one who has not forgotten Southern hospitality.

Rev. E. A. Wilson of Muskogee, Okla., arrived Sunday and officiated at the funeral of Hon. Corvane Patterson, which was held under the auspices of Mt. Etna Lodge, A. F. & A. M. Many high tributes were paid to his memory. Resolutions and floral tributes were profuse and beautiful. A large number attended the funeral. The hearse was drawn by four beautiful black horses. The procession was three blocks long and a large number walked to Woodlawn cemetery, where interment was made. He leaves a wife, daughter, son-in-law, grandchildren and a host of friends and relatives to mourn his loss. The Sun extends sympathy to the bereaved. A letter of condolence was read by Judge I. F. Bradley of W. J. Buchanan, an old political friend (white), expressing his regret at not being able to be present.

Was Returning. Sam Jimpson, colored, had a colored neighbor of some means, who was unkind enough to build a high board fence about his yard, wherein grew many luscious melons. One day Sam found a hole in the fence, and, licking his lips, he started to crawl through. The neighbor happened to be standing near the hole, "Heah, you!" he cried, "whah you gwine?" "Ise gwine back," said Sam, quickly suiting action to word.

Drum-tochty. Logiealmond, Jan MacLaren's "Drum-tochty," is neither a village nor a parish, but an estate about eight miles by four in extent, and situated some twelve miles north of Perth, and lying at the foot of the Grampian Hills. The only semblance of a village in the entire Logiealmond district is the little hamlet of Harriestield, where Mr. Watson lived.

Lucky He Was There. A teacher in a certain town (we considerately decline to be more specific) had a great deal of trouble to make a boy in his class understand a point in his lesson. Finally, however, he succeeded, and, drawing a long breath, remarked: "If it wasn't for me you would be the greatest donkey in this town."

Ought to Be Enough. Physician at Watering Place to Patient's Husband—"And after all, the great thing for your wife is exercise. Does she take any?" Patient Husband—"Take any? I should say she did. Why, doctor, she changes her dress at least six times a day."—Stray Stories.

Happiness. You cannot stop the bulky furniture of the millionaire into a cottage, but you can sometimes store more happiness into the cottage than the millionaire can store into his mansion. Happiness is absolutely independent of things.

Pickings Better Here. Official salaries in England may be much greater than those paid in this country, but there are not nearly so many opportunities over there to make a little on the side.—Washington Post.

Paint Cleaner. An excellent cleaner for painted surfaces is made as follows: Two quarts of hot water, two tablespoonsful of turpentine, a pint of skimmed milk and enough soap to make a weak suds.

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF IMPORTANT MEN.

By Junius J. N. Gray.

The city was quite busy, but if it had not been so I would have been alarmed, and not at all alone in the surprise. It would be a waste of time to attempt to describe just how busy everybody was, hurrying to and fro, on foot and in cabs.

I had been talking—principally asking questions—and walking. I did not take to the cabs readily, because of a feeling that there I would be shut off somewhat from the rush and roar of the much alive metropolis. Just for the novelty of it occasionally I rode the horse cars, but not for long, for I had to learn to hurry as did the native New Yorkers. Like the busy throngs that are hurried here and there, I sometimes rode the surface or trolley cars, but for quicker transportation, would take an "L" or "Sub" train.

As has been said, I asked many questions, not unlike the newspaper reporters. I knew that questions were not popular in the city. If they were unpopular, the proper answers there-to were more so. I was also sufficiently acquainted to know that there was not much street-manners or politeness in vogue in the great city. So when a gruff voice replied to my queries: "I'm no vaingency encyclopedia," or "See the information bureau at—," I took it all good naturedly and not allowing the expressions to create this least insult. I was aware that many persons really did not have time to give justifiable answers; irritable by nature or rendered so by thousands of too frequent previous inquiries, would find it easier, in keeping with their dispositions, to swear than give the desired information; still others were blind to everything but the insignificant illuminations of their own spheres, and not to overlook the practical joker. Therefore, the best answers to my questions on the street usually came from the lips of boys, who, omitting exceptions, tell the truth when the interview is not prearranged.

On this occasion I had been out of town for several days. Returning, I reached "Little Old New York" by way of the Pennsylvania ferry from the Jersey side. Wanting a little extra ride and especially fond of the Hudson breeze, went up to West Twenty-third street. Leaving the ferry, walked over to Broadway, where I stopped on the southwest corner of Broadway and Twenty-third. It was early in January. As I stood there a clock from somewhere behind me announced the noon hour, and the clanging strokes were twelve times heard above the noises of the streets, which were filled with persons on foot and in the common carriers rushing from a thousand offices and other places of business to nearby cafes and homes.

"Noonextra! Noonextra!" yelled a number of boys with as many bundles of papers. I bought a "Journal" from one of the boys nearest to me. And as I was about to do at every opening, began asking question:

"How long are you on duty, my little man?" I inquired.

"I'm playing quills, now, boss," was the reply from a boy about 12 years old.

"Then what do you do?"

"Go 't school 'till this evening, then I put on another extra 'till nine."

"So, you're really a busy boy, eh?"

"What do you do?" he asked with true boyish inquiry and less pretentious manhood so often found in the boys of the greater cities, although, probably by contact, he had much of the slang accent characteristic of the street urchin who also sells papers for cigarette money and even for sustenance and to keep him warm during the icy winter months with days as cold as the one of which I refer you.

"I am a statistician," I replied.

"And your name?" he asked, looking up into my face.

"Winfield—Cecil Winfield," was the answer.

The boy seemed to be deep in thought then, but soon continued: "I don't remember seeing your name—and I didn't know they had colored men to take statistics—say, do you know that old man, right there?" he went on, apparently abruptly changing the subject.

Out in the street near the car track stood a man of about fifty or fifty-five years. He was short and stout, rather corpulent. His face was square with jaws firmly set, and as he turned toward the sidewalk I noticed that he possessed a set of keen, piercing eyes. His face was covered with a stubby beard of some two weeks' growth, and his hair streaked with gray. He wore a slouch hat that had been long in his service judging from its appearance; unpressed, well worn long black overcoat that showed but little of the black trousers slightly raveled at the bottom. His foot covering was a pair of heavy, flat-heel shoes.

"No, who is he?" I asked, centering my attention and interest upon the man awaiting the arrival of a downtown car.

"They say when he first came to the city he was a statistician of some kind. But now he's a millionaire—a power in Wall street, my dad says."

"How did he make his money?" I asked.

"He came here from a Jersey farm several years ago. Couldn't make it pay there, I think. I don't understand it so well, but after a few years he started to farming by long distance telephones, telegraph, letters and through men and never seeing the land. Now he's what they call a land grafter and farm magnate. But I don't understand it at all."

"A remarkable character," I replied and would have said more, but the boy butted in with:

"If you had plenty money like that old top would you dress as few as he does and look so commonplace with y' face covered with ha brush?" he asked, but did not wait for a reply.

"Well, I guess not," he went on, "colored people must have their fine rags, even if they have 't go off their

feed to do so. Clothes get first place, and if there's any room left maybe money will get it."

At this juncture the car for which the boy was waiting passed—he swung it and a moment later was lost in the crowd. I boarded a downtown car, buried myself in the news columns of my paper and later transferred to the elevated line which goes to lesser New York by way of the Brooklyn bridge.

This New York incident was recalled the other day when I crossed the street at Third and Main in a city in the eastern part of the state. Lost in thought, not paying special attention to anybody or anything at the time, was aroused when a voice called out:

"Hello, Mr. Winfield! Prof. Alden told me you were here. Although I have never met you personally, I readily recognize you at sight by what I know of you through the papers."

I raised my head and looked into the congenial face of a stranger with proffered hand.

"Of course, you don't know he," he continued, realizing my surprise, which I suppose I showed, "and it doesn't matter much, because I'm just an everyday fellow."

The man who confronted me was a Missourian and showed it in voice and action. But otherwise he looked like a working man of any state. On this street his clothes seemed just as odd and were in as much contrast to those about him as were those of the agricultural king who stood at the intersection of Broadway and Twenty-third.

After keeping me in suspense for a while he made known his identity. Paul Flipping was clad in a broad-brim felt hat which had evidently several years since been better days—it had been black once before the red set in. His other clothing consisted of a short overcoat, worn into shreds at the elbows. He wore a blue white striped suit of overalls, and heavy, serviceable shoes completed his movable wardrobe. His complexion was reddish-brown; hair dark streaked with gray; uncertain eyes of brown; high nose, long sandy mustache which curled up at the ends in true foreign style. His face was round with a few lines carved by care and toil. He was of middle age; fully six feet, with a good stride.

Mr. Paul Flipping is a farmer owning 180 acres of fine farm land. His city property is valued way up in the thousands. Although he knows how, he is not an active farmer himself. His busiest thoughts are on contracting and building where he does a competitive business.

"For years," he informed me, "I carried thousands of dollars in my pockets. They were my profits from deals. I was then beginning and all the whites looked upon me as a poor man who worked hard, but apparently went back two degrees for every degree of progress. I wore, and even now, shabby clothes except when away from home."

This farmer-contractor could build a town of his own with at least a hundred houses. I found him unpretentious, simple but practical, and never made a front that he could not back up. He was for a long time and is now a leader of men. He witnessed only eight years of school life, but his knowledge would do credit to a university man. His business transactions are broad and far reaching, involving many whites of position and influence. While his real financial standing is known to but few, yet the secret of his manipulations and increasing wealth has leaked out. But Paul Flipping is now on his feet, using his term, and has his eyes open.

In the eyes and words of whites are found both admiration and envy, while many of his own people are neither admirers nor envious of "him that hath," who would lead them to a brighter day, from whom they shrink, lurk far in the dark and look through eyes that see only evil, with minds that distrustingly measure others by their own dishonest practices.

WILLING TO OBLIGE.



"Look here," roared the angry man who had bought a lot of suburban real estate, "that ground you sold me is under water, and there are actually little fish swimming about."

"Oh, I'll fix that all right," assured the oil-tongued agent.

"Then you'll give me another lot or return the money?"

"Not exactly that, but I'll send you out some fishing tackle to catch the fish."

Always Something.

The men who used to watch the clock. No better than they were. Now gather hourly in a flock At the thermometer.

Easy.

"I wonder why women's fraternities are never successful?" "That's quite simple. Fraternities are secret organizations."

In Need.

"I noticed you applauded that armistice wonder at the show last night."

"Yes, I thought he deserved a hand."

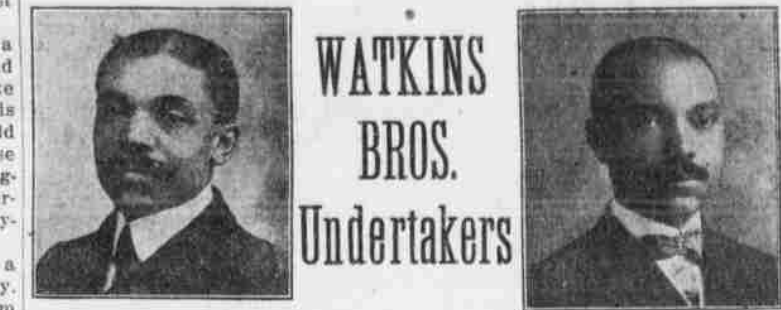
Came Off.

"How do you know she powdered and painted?" "I had on a dark suit that day."

Your Groceries and Meats will Cost You Less and Give You Better Satisfaction if You Buy Them Here

Our Prices are Right We Treat You Right Our Goods are Always Dependable

COME AND SEE US THREE STORES Balsiger Bros THREE STORES 9th and Charlotte Sts. 1121 East 12th St. 9th and Campbell Sts.



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We sell you service. We do what we advertise. Our experience has taught us that quality counts quantity. We do not advertise a whole lot for nothing. You can't get anything good—cheap. Cut prices mean poor workmanship. We specialize in carefulness. We clean fast beautifully. Goods called for and delivered GEO. W. GOLDEN, Prop. 1605 East 18th Street

SOUTH SIDE CLINIC. The free Clinic recently established by Dr. Theodore Smith at 1300 East Eighteenth Street for the benefit of those who are not able to pay the services of a physician has proven a godsend and is filling a long felt need among the people of our race in that congested section of the city. The following physicians, Dr. J. H. Jones, Dr. A. D. Bradbury, Dr. Fletcher and Dr. E. M. Phenix, are rendering valuable service and Dr. Theodore Smith is filling their prescriptions at the lowest possible cost. The hours are from 1 to 3 p. m. except Sunday and those who have been benefited by the establishment of this clinic are loud in their praise of the thoughtful generosity of Dr. Theodore Smith.

Crow's Right Way Shoe Repairing. 12th AND BALTIMORE Home Phone Main 6267. Work called for and delivered. C. W. CROW.

Afro-American Investment & Employment Co. 911 McGEE STREET.

Lodge Directory

ADVERTISE YOUR SOCIETY. We would like to see every lodge and society in Kansas City put their cards in The Sun. It is the most popular way to let the world know who you are, when and where you meet and your object and purpose. For the next month we will make special announcements to have you put in your lodge or society list of officers in this paper.

LODGE DIRECTORY. Pritchard Lodge No. 42, A. F. and A. M., meets the 2nd and 4th Monday in each month. All Master Masons in good standing welcome. R. Greer, W. M.; J. H. Shigler, Sec'y.

Rose Lodge No. 25, A. F. and A. M., meets the 1st and 3rd Monday in each month. All Master Masons in good standing welcome. F. W. Gilmore, W. M.; T. J. McCampbell, Sec'y.

Mt. Olive Lodge No. 53, A. F. and A. M., meets the 2nd and 4th Friday in every month. Visiting Master Masons are welcome. Thos. Jackson, W. M.; Jno. A. Johnson, Sec'y.

For Rent

2421 Montcalm—7 rooms modern. \$23.50
609-613 1/2 Charlotte—5 rooms each. modern. \$20.00
1216 E. 12th—6 rooms, partly mod. 6th. \$20.00
2205 Michigan—4 rooms. \$20.00
1820 Highland—4 rooms. \$15.00
1527 E. 11th—4 rooms. \$15.00
3206 S. E. 10th—7 rooms, part mod. 1250
701 Penn—7 rooms, mod. \$20.00
507 E. 6th—15 rooms, mod. \$20.00
414-16 E. 8th—6 room apt., part mod 10.00
1630 Wyandotte, 6 rooms part mod. 20.00
325 Wainwright, K. C., K. 4 rooms water and gas. \$13.50
25th and Euclid—4 room cottage 10.00
1614 Agnes, 7 room residence. 29.00
318 Trounau Ave., Kansas City, Kans. 6 room cottage. \$15.00
911 McGee—Small storeroom, suitable for cafe. \$10.00
1415 Spruce—Storeroom. \$14.00
4 Lombard—2 room cottage. 12.50
1720 Allen Ave.—6 room brick. 10.00
1726 Allen Ave.—4 room brick. 7.00

FOR SALE. 916 Vine—6 rooms, part mod. \$2,200; \$75 down, \$18 per month, including interest.
Near 14th and Woodland—4 rooms, strictly modern cottage. \$2,500
2528 Summit—4 room cottage. \$1,500
2306 Woodland Ave.—4 room cottage. 15.00
Very well. 2725 N. 7th St., K. C., Kan.—6 room cottage. 500
24th and Lydia Ave.—7 rooms, strictly modern. 2,600
Any of these can be bought on easy terms.
And many others for rent and sale on easy terms. Come to office and get list. Phones, Bell, Main 751; Home, Main 7505